

## The Madd Rapper F/ Nature, Black Rob

### "They Just Don't Know"

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What the fucks up? Q.U. nigga

Chorus (D-Dot)

Yo, they just don't know, they just don't know  
we do or die for the dough, whether friend or foe  
from Queens to BK to Uptown we flow  
Yo, they just don't know, they just don't know

Verse 1: Nature

Yo, pins and needles, needles and pins  
peoples and friends  
plain clothes D's on the bench  
I figure niggas is with me or either against  
I'm speakin' sense to the derilics  
intelligent, get ya'll broken up quick if ya delicate  
smokin' better shit than the average do  
I travel to Two Fifth and Madison Avenue  
that'll do, I'm gettin' high with a rat or two  
so whats next?  
if she don't have an attitude? rough sex  
I seen some sects throw it up, some get robbed  
they show love just to those on their side  
some rely on their instincts  
young and deadly delinquents  
it goes beyond me, so whats it gon' be?  
why would niggas call it drama if it don't involve heat?  
that nigga Robby and Dotty too  
before they starve me I'd rather wild out and be in ICU.

Chorus 2x

Verse 2: Black Rob

All these novice niggas  
nowadays I don't even notice niggas  
why Black? too many bogus niggas  
I represent that clique that you wit' since you was  
younger  
the one with gun wounds in our armor  
since rich days my shit sprays, ya'll gon' pay  
fuck bein' nice for too long I kept my niggas at Bay  
now I'm right up on that ass

red light up on that ass  
murder, then I'm'a catch a flight up on that ass  
no more playin', ya'll know the routine, the resume  
catch atleast two to your spleen, but hey  
the other Ten's for your other Mens  
shit I'm'a go hard, I'm thinkin' kill ya'll and cop another  
Benz  
my shit tight like mouths on BK kids  
the gutter still lives in BR won't nothin' give  
and of course it the one that talks shit  
the one that chawks shit then comes back around the  
way and reinforce  
shit  
Ya'll niggas lost it and can't face up  
so we bought mad C4 to blow the place up  
fuckin' with Black you fuckin' with cake  
fuckin' with Madd you fuckin' with Nate  
either way it's all great.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: D-Dot

I write verse after verse until I perfect it  
I'm sick with it kid, infected  
come inside the paint and get your shit rejected  
feelin' just a little mad and disrespected  
bring your best 16's, 24's, 32's  
all soloists, duo's and three man crews  
it's simple math, me minus you  
T minus two, one, blast off  
hit the L twice then pass off  
snatch your bitch then jacked your whip and dashed off  
you got too comfortable kid, you asked for it  
you just like your bitch, in your jeep, shoes off, feet all  
up on your  
dash board  
you're jackin' off, slackin' off  
my Four-Four bust and you backin' off  
I told you Man  
game on the line, I'm the go-to Man  
shit never changed, don't let me hold two grand  
don't make this ugly  
I need cash, I don't care if you love me  
took the wrong road maybe 'cause Moms didn't hug  
me  
and Pops bounced  
found out dough is what counts  
it's all about the Benjamins baby in large amounts  
when it comes to bricks I flip like acrobats  
when it comes to hits I spit like Platinum plaques  
crazy cat, no need to ask who's track is that

'cause ya'll are real life haters, I just act like that.

Chorus 4x

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